

Tape 212

## Nellie Powell Kloeppel

Interviewer: Joe Winder, 28 April 1989

Transcribed by Lori G. Robinson, August, 2001

The following is an interview conducted by Joe Winder. It is based on the life of Nellie Powell Kloeppel.

Joe Winder (JW): Part of our history of our valley is what we're interested in, yes.

Nellie Kloeppel (Nellie): Oh, I see. Well, I don't know. After 10 I don't get too much history, but, 'cause I've been in this ward, nowhere else in the valley.

JW: Yeah.

Nellie: That's where I've lived, right here. It'd be all of Ashley Ward I guess.

JW: If you could just tell us what your name is.

Nellie: Ready for me to start?

JW: Yes.

Nellie: Well, which name would you want? See, I was Powell at the time.

JW: Well, Nellie.

Nellie: Powell.

JW: Powell Kloeppel.

Nellie: Yeah.

JW: Okay. Tell us about that and who your parents were.

Nellie: Well, my father was William S. Powell, and my mother was Nellie E. Luckey. The Luckeys, you know, was, oh, they was in this valley quite a few years.

JW: Yes.

Nellie: My father come from Missouri, and when he got up to Ogden, why, he stopped up at Ogden and worked in the timber up in Ogden for a while in order to get money 'cause his parents had give him money to go to school, for his schooling. But in place of goin' to school, he come west.

So, he took the money and come west, and then, when he got west, why, then he heard about

Ashley Valley, what a wonderful place Ashley Valley was. Of course, he, I guess, got in, I guess, with some of the teams that was comin', and he come to the valley. But I'm a little ahead.

I know he worked out there in Ogden, he said cuttin' poles for one of the railroads, D. & R.G. Railroad, I believe. Ties, that was it, they had to cut ties, and they threwed 'em down in the Ogden River, I believe, and floated 'em down. And they was other men, way down below, that caught them ties, now that's the way they had of delivering things, and he said that he was one of the cutters, and he cut so many, I don't know how many, and other men was there, too. And then, somehow, he got in some way with people and heard about the Ashley Valley.

Why, it was the most wonderful place, I guess, the way he heard it. It was wonderful, they said, the most wonderful place there was. And he said when they come here, why, everybody settled by the creeks, Ashley Creek and then the other creeks of the valley.

JW: Spring Creek.

Nellie: Spring Creek. Everybody settled by the creeks. 'Course he was one that, he settled a place, the one he took, was over by where Luther Swett's home place, the one that Luther Swett had. And Ben ? Winn was a relative of Celis Winn and Bill Winn and all of them, and he took this place up here. Now, for some reason they traded places. My dad took this place; he also had the Beddow's place, over there, as well as this one. And then, when they come here, they could have six hundred and forty acres. It's what they took out.

JW: Now, could you tell us when you were born?

Nellie: Well, I was born right down here in my dad's old home that he built years ago in 1901; the first day of February 1901, I was born.

JW: Well!

Nellie: On the old home place. And I've lived on this old home place for, well, eighty-eight years.

JW: Yeah.

Nellie: And still here. I've never moved, never left anywhere else.

JW: Can you tell us a little about when you went to school in the Ashley School?

Nellie: Well, yeah. Well, then I was gonna tell ya, there's my Grandpa Luckey, up there. He was my grandpa, one that I thought so much of. My dad used to take me to see him, and he lived up here on the old Luckey homestead where Ron Batty and Nila lives. That place means a lot to me. That was my grandfather's place. Am I too far ahead?

JW: No. That's fine.

Nellie: And I was three years old. I can remember how I'd get out of the car and run and put my

arms around him as far as ... `Course I'd have to put my arms around his legs 'cause I wasn't tall enough to reach. And he would stand in his old log cabin up there, that's where Nila's house is. It was an old log cabin with a dirt roof, and they had a porch over their door, you know. It was made with just poles and brush on top. Covered with brush over it, so it'd keep the sun out, and the shade. I can still see him, to this day, see him standin' under that porch when I got out of the buggy. Him and my grandma, I guess, separated. She went to Idaho Falls and lived up there and had for years.

JW: Okay, now, you went to school at the Union School, did you?

Nellie: Well, this used to be Union Ward, and when I told ?, this man, why, he said, "Union Ward? Why did they call it Union Ward?" It had somethin' to do with the Union, I guess. Some way with the Union. I don't know. You ever found out why it was?

JW: Well, I think it kinda had to do with the churches that were there.

Nellie: Well, yeah.

JW: People out here that belonged to the Baptists, and the LDS Church, and the Congregationalists, and they organized a Sunday school which they called the Union Sunday School, and Alf Johnson was the one that was kinda superintendent of this Union Sunday School.

Nellie: Oh, well anyway, they had the old blue schoolhouse over here, and I've still got a picture of that old blue schoolhouse with the children all around. It wasn't very many of us, maybe twenty children was all. It was right up here where this hill is. You go up that little grade, and there's a house settin' right there as you get up from there, up on top, that first house. About a block west of that house it was. McKnights lived in the big white house, and I've got a picture of their house, too, you know, and then it was sold, you know, and what's-her-name down here, Karrens, Tom Karren, tore that house down, and they built that other'n where, oh, what's their names, lives, Joey Haslems. Joey Haslems. They're a different Haslem. They come from Jensen, you know.

JW: Yes.

Nellie: They weren't like, they might have been some relation to...

JW: To Joe.

Nellie: Bill Karren up here. But anyway, why, they was Haslems.

JW: Uh huh. I can remember the brick Ashley schoolhouse here.

Nellie: So, then, anyway, why the blue one was here, and on up at the top, at the west of the ward was a white schoolhouse, and I have a picture of it. I think I got it. People up that way went to the white schoolhouse and had Sunday school there. And us all down here, we had this house

over here, the blue schoolhouse, the old blue schoolhouse. See that was Kabells that lived down here, you know?

JW: Yes, I knew Kabells.

Nellie: And the old Kabell house is still a-standin'. Then on the other side of them was Heam [Heamon] Redden. And I can remember when I was just about ten years old, I guess, that Heam Redden died, and they had his funeral on the lawn of the Kabell house. They had benches around, you know, and everybody sat around the casket, and the casket was outside on the lawn. Everybody was sittin' around the casket out on the lawn, in the sun, too. It doesn't matter. We was used to, and then they had the window open at the old Kabell house, and the singers were inside singin'. Right by the window, the open window, they sang. I guess that's where the speakers were, too, was in that open window of the house. Now, nobody knows that but me, I guess.

JW: No, that's interesting to hear about that now.

Nellie: Yeah, that was Heam Redden. You know Heam?

JW: I know some of the Reddens that live out Naples way, but I think they're descendants.

Nellie: Then there's a Boyd Redden. I don't know whether he is, but Jim Redden used to live in this ward. And his daughter lives right up here, up this street. Ashpaugh, Helen Ashpaugh, is Jim Redden's daughter. I know that I was down to Reddens' one time, you know. We used to go down there a lot, we was a-horseback, and she was tellin' me that she had a baby buried off in that field, in that old Redden place off down through the field, she told me. Then once she told me that, then, there was a big tree that went right across from the old Kabell place, right down here, and she said she had a baby buried there, too. So I had to tell somebody. Who was it bought the place? I can't think. They felt kinda spooky about it; I don't know. But that's what she was tellin' me.

JW: Yeah. Now, can you remember any of your school teachers' names that taught you in grade school?

Nellie: Well, yes. I remember them. I was, well, I tell ya, Lucy Goodrich was one of the teachers I really remember, and, I think, she was the first teacher, Lucy Goodrich. I don't remember. She was the first one. I come home and then, of course, my dad married again, you know, and I had a stepmother, because my mother had left and she'd [with 'im ???] had left, and they got divorced, and she married another man, Mr. Harper. That's why my brother was down there with the dinosaurs.

JW: Oh, yeah! I see.

Nellie: And, so I come home one day, and I know my stepmother said, "Well, who is your teacher, and I said, "Why, Lucy Goodrich." I don't know just whether I was in the first grade,

them days we didn't have no kindergarten. So then, the next teacher that I can remember, now I don't know which is the first one, I don't know, was Anna Morrison.

JW: Oh, yes. I knew her.

Nellie: Anna Morrison. She was Anna Davis, Anna Davis, and then she married Bill Morrison. Their old house is still a-standin' over here, that white house, you know.

JW: Yeah.

Nellie: They was Martha Ruple. Martha and Suzy Ruple. Martha taught down here, and Suzy taught up at the white schoolhouse. Apparently, why, I guess Martha come from town. They'd come from town, you know, and drop her off, and then she come on down here, you see.

JW: Did N.G. Sowards teach you?

Nellie: No, but he was, no, he didn't teach me. He was a...

JW: Superintendent?

Nellie: Superintendent of schools at the time. I remember him when he was superintendent of schools. Then Martha, why, let me see. There was somebody else. Oh, Martha Ruple, and she was Hank Ruple's daughter.

JW: Oh yes.

Nellie: Her and Suzy was sisters.

JW: Yeah. I knew them very well.

Nellie: Did ya?

JW: That's right.

Nellie: 'Course Anna Morrison and Bill. And Anna come, well, I believe 'bout the first teacher might have been Lucy Goodrich and then Anna Morrison, then, guess you've got everything down there, and then, if I can get 'em regulated, then in the fifth and sixth grade, Gerald Thorne, was my teacher. Anna Morrison, I know that, Anna Morrison was in the first grade and then Martha Ruple. I was in about the third grade, fourth grades with her. Then here come Gerald Thorne. My, he was a wonderful teacher.

JW: I'll bet he was.

Nellie: Well, they all was.

JW: He was Leo's brother, wasn't he?

Nellie: Yeah. And, oh yes, then he took our pictures, you know, we was in the schoolhouse. It was in the paper once, a picture of us sittin' in the school room. Yes, Gerald, yes, he took pictures of us. Not only that, but he took us on trips all up in through the rocks. He knew so many things, you know. He showed us, somewhere up in there, there's a rock, a great big rock ledge, and we was all on it, ya know, and it was covered with little red shells, but they was fastened down. You couldn't get 'em. It was just covered with red shells. And I've thought about that a lot, too. And, oh, he was always takin' us somewhere, you know, and we'd be on horses, and sometimes we'd walk up through there, ya know.

I remember, we went up through Seeleys' field. It was Jim McKnight's field then. We walked up through Jim McKnight's field and then we come to the canal, and I didn't know whether I could get 'cross that canal or not. But somehow he had a board or something, and he'd take hold of our hands, ya know, and help us cross that canal.

And, see, Jane Beddows lost a child in that canal, that lived over here, that walked up there. Am I too far ahead?

JW: No. That's fine. Now, did you go to high school? Up at the Willcox, or?

Nellie: Oh yes. I went to the Willcox Academy for two winters, and Mr. Downey was the principal.

JW: Yeah, Reverend Downey.

Nellie: And he, well, he taught some lessons, ya know. And there was another one, Miss Matheney. I don't know what her first name was. It was Miss Matheney. Then they was Melvin Haslem, and he was related to some of the Haslems in Jensen. Melvin Haslem and him, and they took us off up in the canyons a lot, ya know, too. They'd go in buggies; the rest of us would be horseback. So him and Miss Matheney got married after that, Melvin did, and this Miss Matheney. She was a redheaded woman, I remember, and, my, he was a tall, slim man, ya know. I went two years. They was about the same teachers, I guess, that I had, oh, two years.

Then my dad got kinda down-and-out, I guess, and my stepmother didn't think he had enough money to send me to school, and I couldn't see that I learned anything much either. All my learning was from this grade school, 'cause all they had was mathematics and algebra, and I couldn't see head nor tails of algebra, and so I finally give that up. So I went two years, and then I quit.

I remember one day I was sittin' in the buggy. Well, it was an old car my dad bought, ya know. Them days he come out with the old Ford cars. Five hundred dollars for a car, so my dad got one, and my brother was drivin' it. I remember I was in it one day, sittin' in that buggy, or in that old car, and here come Mr. Downey. It was right where that Newton shop is, that's where we was parked, just down a little ways from that. And here come Mr. Downey up the street. I shoulda got down and hid myself 'cause he seen me, ya know, and he wanted to come up to the car.

'Course he'd been down to see me, too, a few times, ya know, when I was goin' to school because I'd been sick, got down with the flu or, well, I got over here, ya know, a-skatin' around

the creek, and I tore my leg kinda open, and so I wasn't able to go to school, so he'd come down and give me lessons, ya know, Mr. Downey did. So he met my stepmother.

And so, anyway, like I said, I was parked up there, and I'd quit, hadn't gone there anymore, ya know. The next year I didn't go 'cause I went two years and then quit. So he seen me a-sittin' in that car. 'Course he come up to the car, and he wanted to know, I introduced him to my mother, and he was surprised. He said, "Well, who was that other woman down there?" I said that was my stepmother. He wanted to know why it was I wasn't goin' to school, and, so, I said, "Well, my dad didn't have the money." Well, my gosh, ya know, and my mother said, "Yes, she should be goin'." But, you know, Mr. Downey, he just turned, and he went. He never said another word. He didn't feel sorry or anything, ya know, for me. So, I never seen him no more.

JW: Then, did you work some while you were a young girl, or did you get married?

Nellie: No. I didn't work outside the family. I helped my stepmother, although she always told the lady to the neighbors I didn't do nothin'. I wasn't doin' nothin', and I wasn't any good. Well, I had that feeling for years, that I wasn't any good. She never said a word about the dishes I washed or about scrubbin' the floors, about crawlin' under the beds and cleanin' after cats. We always had cats in the house.

Mrs. Seeley come one day. You know Orin Seeley's wife?

JW: Yeah.

Nellie: And she said my stepmother was tellin' her all about me, ya know, and she said well it didn't look like I wasn't doin' nothin', she said. I went in and startin' a-washin' the dishes. So I remembered that.

Then my dad always had to hire someone, you know, with his bees. He did for several years do the extracting, and he worked in the yard, you know, and he'd bring in the honey. So when I got a little older, why, he give me that job of, you know, uncapping the honey and putting in the extractor, you know. Then after a while they had to turn it by hand, ya know, the extractor, to get that honey out. But then he finally got a motor and things fixed up, ya know, to run that extractor. He got a great big one. The first one he had was about four or six. This'n took eight. So I used to work, help him on that, get that honey, and it was quite interesting to do that.

And so that give me enough money, ya know, a little money, he always paid me a little bit, ya know, for helpin' him 'cause he had the other people. They generally give a dollar a day, they used to. I remember a lady used to come from down below there, ya know, Mrs. Wren, and she always come up and done our wash, or my stepmother's wash. Then she'd help my dad, too, in the bees, ya know, and that was a dollar a day. In those times she'd carry her youngest boy, Burt. Burt Redden was the youngest one. She'd carry him and walk from way down there, way, way the other side of the Kabell place from the old Redden place, all through them fields, ya know, and fences and bring that boy up and do my stepmother's washin'. Then finally, why then, my dad had me to help him. I guess she got kinda old, or something, unable to get around, ya know, and get up here, so then he give me the job, so I helped him extract the honey.

JW: Did you like to eat those cappings? The wax that...

Nellie: Well, yes, I did like ‘em, and you could chew ‘em all right, but they’d gum up your teeth.

JW: And you had to spit it out.

Nellie: Yeah. You’d spit it out, ya know, just like chewin’ gum. Same way on pine trees, ya know. We used to chew that, too. My, it’s worse than cappings. Ya know, we used to chew them cappings. My dad had a place out on the south side of his house where he put ‘em in, ya know, and the sun would get the honey, the rest of the honey out of it and let it drip down in a can or something. You know, you don’t get honey like my dad had. I don’t know what they do to it, but they cook it and mess around with it, but...

JW: We had a lot of clover and alfalfa blossoms that gave it a good flavor.

Nellie: Well, yeah, and we had plenty of that. My dad never mowed his ditch banks because he let the clover grow up for the bees, everything for the bees, and them willows down there was good for the bees, too.

JW: My dad had some bees, and I used to help him extract the honey, too, so I know just what you’re talking about there.

Nellie: We had trouble with floods, too. If you’ll notice, up on this mountain, here, there’s a... You see that red wash a-comin’ down? The old red wash. You know it’s all up through Steinaker Draw. You can see it up on that Blue Mountain. A little girl that used to live here, little Jackson girl, Mae Jackson, used to live here, and she was a little younger than I am, quite a little bit. She said, “Oh,” she said, “Oh, see the men on the mountain.” And I’d look at that. That mountain is all shagged, ya know, where that gouged. And she always called it the men on the mountain.

JW: That was her imagination.

Nellie: Yeah. She’d see all this jagged stuff up there. It’s all pines is what it is. ]And, oh, we’d get floods from that place somethin’ terrible. This whole country was under water from that red water. It was red, too, and it come down this Spring Creek, and, believe me, this whole country was, well, from here up to that house on that hill. This whole bottom was, and they said that, Frank Peters said that the day would come when... You know where the Peters’ used to live up there? The day’d come when this country would be full of water. Well it was. This whole place was plumb up, oh, nearly to Nora’s there, ya know. This was all a great big flood. Dury (?) couldn’t a-built over there, nor neither could Ruby. Then they put the dam in, and that stops it, so they catch all the red muddy water.

My dad’d have quite a time. I know that it’d be all in his bee yards, too, ‘cause his bees was right down on the bank of the creek, there. I remember Johnny was here that day, and I guess he got really sick. He was stung, he said, about two hundred times tryin’ to help his dad. They had to get boxes to lift them hives up. He had about sixty colonies of bees, and him and Johnny’d have to lift ‘em up and put ‘em on boxes, ya know, other bee boxes to get ‘em out of that flood.



Oh, it'd be about six inches, the water would be. This whole field, well, was completely covered, this whole country-- brush and all-- down through here. See, we was under this hill over here. Well, Walter lives up on top, there, you see. And Mrs. Seeley, when they put in the dam, why, she was just worried to death over that dam.

JW: Afraid it would break.

Nellie: Yes. You bet. She was just worried about it. Well, it kinda worried me a little bit, but I thought, "Well, they got the big tree out here; maybe I can climb it." I thought how good Karrens is up there and all of them up there. They could run for the hills, ya know. They could get up on the hill.

Let's see, and I got the biggest tree in the Ashley Valley. I don't know if you've seen it.

JW: Yes. I have.

Nellie: My dad said, at one time two men could reach around it. Well, I don't think three or four could reach around it now.

JW: Oh, it's a beautiful tree, those old cottonwoods, if you got the male tree so they didn't have cotton.

Nellie: Well, this'n is. This is a male, and he has them great big long red things, but the one we had down at our old house that stood right over the house, too, that tree did. It was big as that one, and it kinda leaned over, and it had cotton. Why, this whole field was full of cotton, from here plumb down, from there up here, ya know. The whole field, out through here, was nothing but a big wad of cotton when that got through with it. So I think one of 'em musta flew over here on this, got this tree, here.

My dad was so proud of that tree because he did have to take the old tree down. He was afraid it would fall on the house, but Henry said, well, told me afterwards, "Why didn't they just top it?", ya know. But I guess he never thought of that. Oh, great big logs that hit the granary and knocked the side of it out tryin' to get the logs down, ya know. Why, they're big ol' logs like this one out here.

And, so every time the wind'd blow I'd think, we'd be layin' under it, in bed, ya know, under that house there, and I'd think, oh, that could hit or somethin', just a-squeakin' and a-squeakin' and a-squeakin', wonder if that tree level... 'Cause it just leaned right over the house. But it didn't fall or nothing.

JW: They were tough old trees.

Nellie: So, my dad finally had my brother chop it all the way around, ya know, the bark, and I felt pretty bad about it, too. I know it hurt my dad pretty bad 'cause he had planted that tree. He never thought, I guess, about toppin' it. Just took the tree out. So he was pretty proud, my dad was, of this tree up here. He said, "Someday it'll be as big as the 'big tree,' he called it down there. I can remember when it was quite a small tree then.

My sister that was ten years older than me, she says she can remember when she could

touch the top of that tree, so it's better than a hundred, I'm sure, a good hundred years old. 'Cause ten years more, if she was ten years old and could touch that tree, and I was just a baby then, you see. So I know that it is about a hundred years old. She was ten years older than me, and, see, and I was just a child. 'Course my other sister was twelve years older than me, but she could touch the top of it, and it'd have to be pretty low for her, ten-year-old child, to touch the top of it, and I thought that was pretty nice to know, ya know.

JW: Could you tell us something about your life along in the 1930s, during the Depression? How did you fare then, along in the 1930s?

Nellie: Well, we fared pretty good. See, I was married then, to Henry Kloeppel.

JW: You had one boy named Henry, didn't you? What were your children's names?

Nellie: Oh, well. Do you know Jerry, the radiator man?

JW: Yeah, I know Jerry.

Nellie: Then Walter, Walter Henry. He lives up here on this little hill, up here. So I guess you know him, too.

JW: Yes, you bet.

Nellie: I had the two boys and the three girls.

JW: Did you depend mostly on just farming during the 1930s?

Nellie: That's all Henry could do. Henry didn't know anything, only farming, ya know. He told me, when I was writin' to him. See, I wrote to him. He come to this country, ya know, from New Mexico, and, so I was called a mail-order bride. That come out in the paper a few, I don't know when it was.

So, then my dad died, you see, so that was a awful sad thing, too. Mrs. Gibson, I know, the day of his funeral, Mrs. Gibson come to me, and she said, "Nellie, you've lost the best friend you ever had." Well, that didn't make me feel too good. So then the place had to be divided up. It wasn't bad, in them days, ya know, to divide up to get inheritance, ya know. So they put my brother and Bud for administrator. He was the one that divided it up for us, ya know.

'Course, I was living' on this side, and I always thought, well, I had the worst end of it, ya know, because, in them days, you lived on your cows, the milk cows, ya know, and, well, I didn't have much hay ground for cows. So I figured I had the worst end. Then, next to me, why, come my sister Minnie, from Fort Long, ya know, and Minnie said, well, she'd like to have the place where she was livin'. Well, that's where she got, down there. I got fifty-two acres, and she got forty-five acres. Then, on out, why, is my sister Lizzie..

They said that Pete Long wouldn't settle. Well, it was nothin' to do with Pete Long at all. They said he wouldn't settle unless they give him that middle strip. That was the best strip, hay strip. See, everybody was crazy for their hay ground, the hay ground to raise stuff. We lived on

our gardens, ya know, and our milk cows, and the sheep, and things, ya know. So she had to have that middle strip. Well, she got the middle strip, all right, so there was no argument there.

And then the two boys were Bud and Johnny. Then, Bud, Johnny come next to Lizzie. And, well, I think Lizzie got thirty-six acres. And then, Johnny and Bud, they got thirty-six acres, somethin' like thirty-six acres between 'em. Each one fifteen acres or something. Maybe it was thirty, somethin' like fifteen acres apiece, ya know. Bud was the last one out next to the Karrens, down to the Karren place, ya know. So, I always figured, well, I got the worst end of it, for a long, long time, because we didn't have the hay ground like we wanted for our cows. 'Cause we was milkin' cows, that's what we ?.

And Bud, he worked with the cream, ya know. 'Course, we'd get our milk, ya know, in the milk cans, haul it up here at the gate, so, and he'd pick it up, ya know, and take it to the creamery and then bring us back water. In them days, we didn't have too good of water, just had canal water and ditch water, ya know.

And then we'd put up ice. I know my dad had an old ice plant out in the yard, over here, by Willard's gate. He'd always, every year, they'd haul ice, go to Calder's creamery, up there, ya know, and get great big hunks of ice, ya know, and fill that ice house, so we had nice ice water, cool water, ya know, for the summer. That was the drinking water that we had. And then, we could haul some, ya know, from town, some drinking water, 'cause we didn't have no electricity. We didn't have no water works or anything out here.

We had a well, down there, but it was under the trees, ya know, and the leaves fell in it. And, in them days, people got typhoid fever, ya know, with their wells, ya know, and people all around had wells. It was good for household use, ya know. It was water for your house, but not to be a-drinkin' too much. I don't know why my dad didn't cover it up, but he didn't. The leaves all fell in.

I used to climb that old mulberry tree, down there. I had a friend, Irene Karren. It was Irene Beddow, ya know, and she'd come over, and we'd climb that old tree and eat mulberries.

JW: Well, then, during the war, in the 1940s, I guess your boys went in the service. Did they?

Nellie: Well, Johnny went, but he didn't get in overseas or anywhere because by the time he was in it, why, then the Armistice was signed. Just like my husband said, though, see, he was in it from New Mexico, Henry Kloeppel, you know. Oh, yes, he was over in France, Germany and France, he was.

He used to tell me quite a bit about bein' over there, too, Germany and then France, during that World War I, in that Argonne Forest, the different things that they seen in there. And they'd tell 'em, "Now don't you pick up any of them pencils." The Germans had everything, you know, to make 'em think, well, this is a good pencil, or this is somethin' good. And they'd give 'em orders, "Don't pick up nothing."

JW: It'd blow up?

Nellie: Yeah. It'd blow up, and so they really, oh, they really devastated that forest over there, the Argonne Forest. He said that, then, he kinda got gassed, a little bit, Henry did, because they, Germans, come over and set gas on 'em, ya know. Don't know why, the general, whoever he was, was kinda slow, "Put on your gas mask." They didn't do nothin' unless they told 'em—

And he said that then they throwed that gas on, and he was gassed before he could get his. There was a little bit of it he got, a little bit before he could get the mask on.

Now, he said that the horses could take it for twenty-four hours, but after twenty-four hours they had to put the gas mask on them, too. He said it took all the hair off them horses, lose all their hair.

JW: Well, that was a terrible war, that way, but then, so after the World War, along the 50s, you still lived here?

Nellie: Huh? Oh, yes, I still lived here, yeah. Oh, yes it was right here. I was married right here, in town, married here. I know Bud, we all went in a little ol' buggy with one horse, ya know, and I know that, just big enough for two people to sit in that day. So Henry and my brother, Bud, why, they sat in the seat, and I had to sit on Henry's lap, which wasn't very comfortable, he was kind of a boney man. And we went up to that courthouse, the old one.

My, I thought that was the terriblest place I ever was in. It was terrible lookin'. Why, it was the big, high ceilings, ya know, and it wasn't painted inside. Oh, it was awful. I remember how them people all out watchin' us, ya know, the ones that worked there, and they was all standin' in the doorway watchin' us. It was H. Walter Woolley that married us.

JW: He was a justice of the peace, wasn't he?

Nellie: Yes, at that time, he was. Well, and I married a man that I wasn't in love with. How could I be? I hadn't ever seen him till he come from New Mexico. We just got to writin' through letters, ya know, and he'd had bad trouble with his girlfriends in New Mexico. One of 'em, he throwed the ring in the Rio Grande River, after they give it back to him, ya know.

And so, I think my mother said, she was down there, too, in New Mexico. She was married to Frank Fairchilds. That's where they lived. They moved to New Mexico, and I wished I'd asked my mother who was the first one that wanted to go to New Mexico. I don't know. Was it her, or was it Frank? She was down there for ten years. Used to pull her little wagon with vegetables, ya know, that they lived on, down to the Burdley (?) American Tile. That'd be two miles that she pulled a little Express wagon full of vegetables, ya know, and took it down there and sold it, ya know, so to get their groceries. Then she'd walk back, that two miles, with that wagon. So I wished I'd've asked her.

And, so I never seen her for two years—or ten years. Then, finally, she got sick, and, 'course, she was gettin' old, ya know, so she got sick, so she come back up here to have her daughters take care of her. My sister, Lizzie, and her husband was living' down here, just the other side of them bushes, in a little ol' house, and if I'd've knowed, really, I should've had some pictures to show ya.

JW: Well, that's fine.

Nellie: And, so, Minnie and Porter was livin' down there in their house.

JW: Now, was James Lizzie's son?

Nellie: Yeah, James Long. He married Theresa Postma.

JW: They had a house right next to where we live now. We live in the old Showalter house, and James lived in there until he died.

Nellie: Oh, did he? Well, I thought it was over on that street, the next street over. Was it? He did build him a home there. No, that was the old one, I guess, that Pete built, Pete Long built. Yeah.

JW: And, then, Hazel moved in there, and she lived there for several years until she went back to Indiana or somewhere back there and went in the convent there. I think she was there when she died.

Nellie: Well, you see, Pete's lived out here, and Hazel used to ride a horse, every day, goin' to the school up in town, ya know, goin' to school. I'd see her go back and forth every day. Then, she went out to Salt Lake and took training at the Catholic hospital, and there's where she got into bein' a nun, ya know, in the Catholic hospital. So she used to come home from there, and she had a nice wire hat on and big long, black robes, ya know. Come back, ya know, and see her mother every so often. Then, seemed like they sent her to, where was it, you said?

JW: Back east in Indiana?

Nellie: Indiana, yes. She was sent back there, and she died back there, and they don't know anything about her or anything, ya know.

JW: She lived, see, James was living there when he died. Then, Hazel moved there, and...

Nellie: Was it over this street, over here?

JW: Yeah, just south of town.

Nellie: It ain't where Loren Atwood lives is it?

JW: No.

Nellie: Oh, Mr. Hartle, ya know, that lived down here, you know. They moved up, they sold their place, ya know, and moved up, built 'em a big house, you know, right up on that Ashley Creek. Cross Ashley Creek and then you go west of town, and theirs is the first house, ya know, the Hartle home. I know Mrs. Hartle was sayin' that she still liked her old home the best, down here.

JW: Well, one of the girls married an Atwood, didn't they?

Nellie: Elsie.

JW: Yes, Elsie, and she worked in Denver in a hospital.

Nellie: Yeah. She worked out of Denver, but she wasn't married then. I don't know how she got to Denver. She married Loren Atwood, and she had a daughter, Evaleen.

JW: She used to come back and visit with Hazel, while Hazel was living next door to us there. So I was acquainted with her, too. Hazel was the nicest neighbor. She didn't impose on a person, but when she had something that needed repairing in her house, she'd call on me, and I was just glad she did because it gave us a chance to get acquainted with her and be a neighbor. That's what counts, I think, is to be neighborly and to help one another out.

Nellie: Yeah. You bet. Well, I felt kinda bad, ya know, that she'd been a sister, but I don't know. They don't know what did happen to her. They don't know what kind of a funeral or anything she had or anything. See, nobody knew that she died in Indiana, and that was it. So, we just don't know.

JW: Did you used to teach in the Primary or Sunday school or anything that way?

Nellie: Well see, I wasn't even a member of the church at one time. My dad didn't believe in it. Well he, I think what was the reason, ya see, he was in the Methodist Church. I can remember him sayin' that's why he didn't care about churches was because he said that his folks was Methodist, and they lived back in Missouri. That's where he was born and raised, in Missouri. They was all Methodist, so he said how his folks'd all fix up a nice big dinner, he said, for the preachers, and they had white bread. It was somethin' they didn't have in them days. They always had cornbread, but, for some reason, they had, for the preachers, they had white bread. They had nice pieces of chicken, and he said that when the preachers come, why, they always put the best pieces of chicken all for the preachers, and he said the kids, they always had to stand back while the preachers ate.

So I think that discouraged my dad a lot on church. When he come to this country, of course, there was a few of the Mormons come and seen him, John Winn, ya know. I remember one time, John Winn and Billy Hartle, don't know if you remember them, they're dead and gone a long time ago. Billy Hartle and John Winn and they'd come and see my dad. I don't know what about. I was just a child, you know, and I didn't pay no attention.

Of course, my stepmother was a Mormon. Now she said, I heard her tell some lady, Mrs. Steinaker, she said she had to join the church. See, she had Goldie, and I'll come back to the other in just a minute. She had Goldie, and I guess Goldie got in with some of the Mormons, you know, children in school. I guess they'd go to Sunday school or something, and, so I guess Goldie joined, or was goin' to, or something, and, I know, my stepmother told Mrs. Steinaker that built this old brick house up here, you know, and she said, well, she said, "I had to join the church," she said, "or the church, they was gonna take Goldie away from me." So she said, "I had to join." So she was a Mormon but she never went to church that I ever knowed of. She never went, and we had it over here in the schoolhouse, our church, Sunday school, ya know. I used to go with my neighbor, Jane Beddows, and my friend, Irene, you know, her daughter. Once in a while I'd go with them, ya know, to Sunday school.

I can remember that we was all sittin' in our seats, ya know, and here'd come a couple of men, you know, with a pitcher of water at each end of the line, and a glass. They'd fill the glass, and then that glass would be passed and each one'd get a swaller of water out of that glass all

down the line until the glass was empty. All you had was just one swallow. Well, I thought that was a lot of fun, I thought. Then you'd get through that line. Then the man'd fill it again, ya know, and pass it on over, ya know, to the man again a -standin' over on this side. Each one'd take one swallow of water. That's what they told us. I've said that in church some of 'em, they kinda turned up their nose at that.

JW: Oh, I remember that. I was a deacon when we used to do that.

Nellie: A lot of people here had never heard of that, ya know. So, like I said, my dad and them preachers, ya know, I think that kinda discouraged him. But, he always said, "Treat them good." But then, Mr. Winn, John Winn, and Mr. Hartle came that one day, I well remember, and they was in a buggy. Never heard of such a thing as a car is why. If they'd've said anything in them days, that there'd be something to run a buggy around without a horse, why, you wouldn't've believed it! Would've been impossible to believe.

So, they was there that day, and Loren Karren happened to be, we lived down, oh, where them bushes is, down there. Loren Karren used to come over, you know, to see Bud, and Johnny was at the river, I guess, with my mother, but Bud and Loren was down there. So my dad had his house, kind of behind some big ol' buildings, ya know, the chicken house and the granaries settin' there, ya know.

And, Johnny told me at one time that the road used to go between the house and them granaries, ya know, right in between there. But then it changed, it goed down this way. Not only that, then it'd go on up to the big gate and over out by Jane Beddows' house. Then they finally put it out here, ya know, years afterwards. 'Course, I remember of it bein' out here. But he was tellin' me how it'd go past Jane Beddows' over there, and then on around, and then up here on this hill, over here, some way. Or it come from there, from the hill on down this way, I guess, and then around by Jane Beddows'.

I know that when John Winn came and Mr. Hartle, that day, well, they parked, of course, ya know, behind all them buildings where you couldn't see 'em from the house. Had the pailing (?) link fence, ya know, and trees. I know Loren and Bud, they took the wheels off'n the buggy, and they put the back ones to the front and the front ones to the back. And, ya know, the back wheels is always higher. It don't higher your buggy up, but it's just, naturally, they're bigger some reason. So, Mr. Winn and Mr. Hartle come out to go home, why, 'course, you couldn't see what they was doin', but I knew what they was doin' because I seen 'em. I was outside, too, and I was only a small child.

But they took it good-natured. I know, Mr. Winn and Mr. Hartle said, "Well, that's just boys, pranks," they said. "Just boys." I don't know what my dad thought. But, I think he felt kinda bad, too, ya know, to think they'd do that. But I still remember that. So they changed the wheels there. They had their new suits on and everything. Then they had them ol' wheels, they had. I felt kinda sorry for 'em in their new clothes and then have to change them wheels. 'Course the boys'd skipped out. So, I always remembered that.

But that was quite a job changin' them wheels, ya know, well, for them people. Now, I don't know whether they had something that they could hold the buggy up with, I guess. My dad must've had something for 'em, but...

JW: Well, now, you could put a log under it and lift it up.

Nellie: Yeah, or something. I remember that.

JW: Well, that's pretty good.

Nellie: 'Course, my brother's dead and gone, now.

JW: Yeah.

Nellie: I don't know whether he ever thought of that anymore or not, out there changin' the wheels, Mr. Hartle and Mr. Winn in their brand new suits, and I felt kinda sorry for 'em. I thought, "My laws, they have to change them ol' dirty wheels. You'd have to go through them, grease, you know. And, another thing, the buggies, ya know, always had to go through water. Every time the stream of water, always went through the water on account of the wheels, keep them tires from fallin' off, ya know. They'd get dry. Them wheels, or tires, was loose and come off. So, I don't know. That was kinda odd, I thought. Kinda funny, too, in a way, ya know. Them changin' them wheels.

JW: Now, was it along in the '70s, '50s, when you joined the LDS church? Do you remember that?

Nellie: Well, I joined. I had a sick spell. That was it, I guess. Then, after I come out of that, why, I knew I should join the church. But, how to join, I didn't know. How could I get in the church? I didn't know. I hadn't been to church for years. Well, Lizzie and Minnie said, well, they was goin' go to the Relief Society party and wanted to know if I wanted to go, and I said, "Oh, no." Well, I didn't want nothin' to do with it. I didn't want no church. I didn't want to go to church. Well, I wasn't interested in church. I didn't want to go. I'd just as soon stay home and mess around at home and do things, ya know, with the kids and all. So, I didn't want to go, and I thought, "Oh, I wish they hadn't even asked me," I thought.

That's the worst thing they could've done was ask me to go to the Relief Society party. So anyway, I went, and so, when I got up there, why, Lucille Swett was one of the teachers, or president, or something, I guess, and Lanna Morrison. And, my gosh, I thought, "Well, I'll go this time, but I won't have to go any more." So, I went, just to please my sisters. I thought, "Well, I'll go, but I don't have to go no more."

So, you know what they did with me when I got up there? Then Lucille Swett wanted to know if I'd be a Primary teacher. Well, my gosh, I wasn't even a member of the church. That was terrible, I thought, but I accepted it anyway. And, I know, I taught them, I know. We sat outside on the logs, ya know, and give 'em their lessons, I did. Here, I'd never had it myself.

JW: That's one way to learn it, isn't it?

Nellie: Yeah. So, then, I didn't go anymore after that. They never asked me. In fact, nobody'd ever come. Maybe I didn't do good with it, because they never did come and ask me why I didn't come back, but, ya know, I went all that summer. It was warm then, but, when it got cold, why, I wasn't able to go. Ivan Henry, he didn't ever offer to take me, and, I guess I wasn't too interested



anyway. But, I know, nobody'd ever come and ask me why I'd quit.

'Course, them days, we didn't have phones. If you'd go anywhere, it'd be but a horse, the only way you could get around. So, nobody'd ever encouraged me to go any more. And, Lizzie and Minnie, I don't know, they never asked me no more about Relief Society, ya know, and, so, I never did go.

And then I had quite a bad sick spell. Just, probably, 'cause I was usin' poison, or somethin' on my flowers. Seemed like them old houses was full of bugs, and I think I must've got some of that. I know I had an awful bad sickness, anyway. If that was it, I don't know. So, when I come out of that, why, then I knew that I should join the church. It was just so strong that I should join that church, and I knew which church, too.

Before, I'd been goin' to the Catholic church, ya know. Mrs. Richard Hadlock, ya know, it was right up here on, where Chivers live, Danny Chivers lives on that place. The old house is still there, and it was, oh, Cory Peters, ya know, when she married—not Cory, but Bert Winn—ya know, that had that, John Winn's son, Bert, ya know, that built that little old house. If you know where Celis and them lives, back in there, that first little house. It's still there, and, so, I remember that. I knew that I should join the church.

And I got that dream, ya know, a dream, and seemed like my friend, well, Irene Karren come to me in a dream, ya know, and she had a baby on her shoulder. It was all dressed in white, and she told me that, "Nellie," she said, "you better go get your check-up." Get my check-up, ya know, and I wondered what kind of a check-up.